

THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

BOYS' AND GIRLS' DEPARTMENT

Rules for Young Writers.

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only, and number the pages.
2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.
3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.
4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
5. Write your name, age and address plainly at the bottom of the story.

Address all communications to Uncle Jed, Bulletin Office.

"Whatever you say—Be that! Whatever you say—Be true! Straightforwardly act, Be honest—in fact, Be nobody else but you."

POETRY.

The Funny Man.
There is a funny little man
Who keeps a shop that's queer,
You'll never guess his business right,
Not if you guess a year.

In rows upon his wooden shelves
Stand bottles big and bright,
All labeled neat in printed words
Refreshing to your sight.

His sign is fastened to the door,
Which always opens wide,
Inviting you to enter there,
"A first class shine inside."

Perhaps you think he blacks your
boots,
A second glance reveals
That though he is a "polisher,"

He shines not toes or heels.

One bottle on his topmost shelf
Is labeled "Sunshine Strong,"
"Preserved Good Tempers" is the next,
The next is "Powdered Song."

"Essence of Love" and "Balm of
Peace"
Come next upon the shelf,
Then "Cream of Faith," "Tincture of
Joy,"
All marked to "Help Yourself."

The "Ointment of Unselfishness"
And pills of "Happy Thought"
Stand near the "Spirits of Kind
Words,"
Not elsewhere to be bought.

Two iron baskets large and strong
In corners of his shop;
And indicating fingers point:
"Here all bad faults may drop."

If any Wide-Awakes find
This wondrous little man
He'll help you on your daily way
And "shine" you all he can.

He never sends a single bill
To those who seek his aid,
His motto's "Help yourself!"
Go choose. Don't be afraid!

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Lillian Brohant of East Norwich, N. Y.: I received the prize book you sent. I have read almost half of it and I think it is very interesting. I thank you very much for it.

Abraham Swartzberg, of Mt. Hope, Ct.: I thank you very much for my prize book, The Little Lame Prince.

WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS.

1—Adelaide Holbrook of Norwich, The Pony Rider Boys on the Alkali.

2—Flora Lambert of Attawaugan, Bek's First Corner.

3—Violet Main of Mystic, John Bunyan's Dream Story.

4—Helen Reynolds of Engleville, Jack Midwood.

5—Maria A. Shea of Norwich, Dick Prescott's Second Year at West Point.

6—Doris M. Briggs of Saybrook, Doty Dimple at School.

7—Marion Black of Springfield, Mass., Doty Dimple Out West.

8—Veronica V. F. Tucker of Versailles, Alice's Adventures in Wonderland.

Winners of books living in the city may call at The Bulletin business office for them at any hour after 10 a. m. Thursday.

Uncle Jed's Talk to Wide-Awakes.

There is an old saying: "If at first

you don't succeed, try, try again," but I wish to tell you, if at first you do succeed, try, try again! Failure almost as often follows success in this world as it precedes it and many a mortal has discovered who has succeeded in every material way that he has made a failure of life, because he has neglected his mind.

There is a warning which came down the ages to man that he has never given its full value: "With all thy gettings get understanding." It is up to every man to know why he succeeds, why he fails and why he is never to die. To get a grip upon these things means that you are to become more than an average man or woman.

There are people who cannot stand success, and it is said to be their way to ruin, but it isn't for they have never succeeded whatever their material gain. People who are on the road to ruin because they lack the understanding how to properly appreciate their position or to hold in comfort and honor the position gained.

Excesses of every kind are a menace to success: If you eat too much, drink too much, dance too much, work too much, study too much, or work too much, you are in danger of making a failure of life. Just enough of everything is the price of true success; and just enough of everything spells temperance and is temperance in your earthly and heavenly point of view.

The price of success is doing all things right; but the cause of ruin lies in doing a few things wrong. It is easier to slide down hill than to draw the sled uphill—it is easier to make a failure of life than to make a success of it.

"With all thy gettings, get understanding," and this covers the why, the when and the wherefore of the essential things of life. Success must dwell within you, or you cannot express it. Others may aid in your success, but you must clinch it yourself.

Success in deportment is as necessary as success in study—success in thoughts as important as success in endeavors. Get the spirit of achievement in the mind and it may in time be truly said of you—he was "master of his soul and captain of his fate."

STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE-AWAKES.

Patrick Henry.

When Patrick Henry was a little boy he liked to play on his violin very much. Also he liked to hunt and fish.

When he grew up he wanted to be a lawyer, because his father was a lawyer.

When he was 15 years old his father put him in a country store. He failed in store business.

He decided to be a lawyer. He made a great speech once. I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death. That was part of his speech.

MARION BLACK, Age 2.

Lighthouses.

I wonder how many children have seen a lighthouse? I have seen many.

Near the dangerous parts of our coasts are tall round houses, and the tops of them are all glass, with great lamps, far larger than the headlights of the railroad engines. The lamps light the water for miles, and by them sailors know where to go and where to get into the harbor. These lights differ from one another; one is white, one red, and they flash so often. By this means the sailors, looking on the books, are able to tell just where they are. These lighthouses are lights to the paths for ships and guide them. Just so the Bible is a light to show us the path to walk in.

Once a lighthouse keeper was asked: "What if you did not light the lamp tonight?"

"What could not be," the lighthouse keeper answered.

"But what if you did not light it?"

"Well," the keeper answered, "tomorrow we would have news from the ships saying they knew not where to go. Of course, from shipwrecked vessels with many lives lost."

So, if the Bible were taken away,

men would not know how to live.

Years ago there used to be bad men in Europe, living on the coasts of the countries. These men would set up false lights, and sailors, trusting them, would try to sail into harbor, but misguidedly by the lights, would go on the rocks. Then these bad men, called wreckers, would rob them of their cargo and money.

So men put false lights in place of the Bible to lead us from the path of life and destroy our souls. Follow God's word and we will enter his kingdom.

FRANK PARDY, Age 13.

An Act of Kindness.

Once upon a time there lived in a large city a poor old blind man. This man was a violin player. He used to play his violin in the public squares. He had a little dog which used to hold his hat, so the people would drop coins in it as they went by.

One day he had played all day and hadn't got a cent of money. That night he was sorrowful, and a well dressed man walked up to him and asked him to play for him.

The poor man let him take it. The other man took the violin and tuned it up well and began to play. In a few minutes there was a large crowd gathered around him. Soon the hat began to fill with money.

When the violin player stopped playing, the man who had asked him to play walked off the people praised him. Later on it was found out he was the greatest violin player in the world.

This is a true story.

HELEN REYNOLDS, Age 12.

The Pet Heifer.

I have a little heifer and her name is Rose.

I like Rose.

My father bought her a harness. I put the harness on her.

I have a little wagon and now, in the spring I hitch her in the wagon and pick up stones.

When I get home in the evening I take the curbs and brush and clean her. I feed her twice a day.

When Rose is out and I call her, she will come to me. At 5 o'clock I put her in the barn.

MARGARET KUCKLE, Age 8.

Cissie's Adventure.

Glen was a clever Scotch sheep dog. He seemed to know all that children could do, and he was very clever.

One day when they were staying at the seaside, he was taken to a picnic; there were a great many children and they all had fine fun paddling, finding shells and building sand castles.

Little Cissie wanted to gather some of the pretty flowers she saw growing on the cliff, and when no one was looking off she climbed up a steep, narrow path. Higher and higher she went, until she reached a place of great danger. Though no one else and she had no one to help her, she went on.

Just then Cissie was missed, and oh! what a fright everyone was in as they hunted about and could find no trace of her.

Perhaps Glen knows where she is, for her elder sister, "and that is why he is barking so much." Followed by the other children, they went to the path as quickly as possible, fearing all the time that poor Cissie might have fallen over the edge.

Oh, and on they went until they reached the top, when Glen came bounding to meet them and then ran back, barking loudly, as much as to say:

"Follow me."

"Sure enough, all among the long grass and ferns they found little Cissie, who was quite unaware of the danger she was in. She had been so good old Glen she would most likely have met with a sad accident."

LILLIAN BROHAUT, Age 14.

The Broken Pitcher.

Once there lived in a city a poor widow and a family of three children. The widow had to work hard by taking in washing and sewing to support her family.

One day she sent her oldest daughter Grace to a farm house for the evening milk. She gave her a little pink pitcher.

While on the way Grace met some of her schoolmates and stopped to play with them. When she got ready to get home, she found the pitcher broken. Her mother was very angry and she was told to go to the farm and get a new one.

Poor Grace did not know what to do. She began to cry. Along came a gentleman and said: "What is the matter, little girl?"

She said: "I have broken my mother's pitcher and we can't have any milk tonight."

The good gentleman put his hand in his pocket and gave the girl a quarter and told her not to cry, saying: "A broken pitcher can never be mended."

MARGARET M'GRATH.

Life in a Desert in Arabia.

The tent-dwellers who live in the desert are called Bedouins. They are a hardy people. They live in tents made of goat skin. They are very brave and they are very kind.

One day I was with them. They were cooking a lamb over an open fire. They were very happy and they were very kind.

Some of these tent-dwellers raise wheat, but the chief crop is millet. It is a very hardy plant and it grows in the desert.

Dates are the chief food of the Bedouins. Not only the men, women and children eat them but they feed their horses and camels.

The men wear long white gowns and white turbans made by folding several yards of cloth around their heads.

The Bedouins are very fond of their horses and they treat their children. Their horses are very good.

VERSAILES.

The Bell of Justice.

In a little village of Italy there was a good king and he was very kind. He had a bell which he called the Bell of Justice.

One day a man came to the king and said: "I have a problem and I want you to solve it for me."

The king said: "What is the problem?"

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house. We had only been there a little while when the bell rang.

MILDRED DUNHAM, Age 13.

The Beautiful Boy.

Not long ago I knew a little boy named Henry Donald. To look at him you would think he was an angel. I'm sure he was a good boy at school from what I heard.

His teacher's name was Miss Roland and she thought he was a very good boy for being so young.

He lived quite a distance from the school. It was a long and weary walk every day.

His mother was a tall, pale woman. It was Henry who was the cause of the accident. Although he was a very handsome boy he looked something he needed, for his father died when he was about five years old, so his mother had to work hard to educate him. Although he didn't seem to appreciate it.

When he would come home from school he would never be cheerful to his mother, but would always have an ugly word.

One day his mother said to him: "Henry, my boy, you should try and control your temper. You have no right to do something in time by means of it."

Not long after his mother's end came. Henry, now a young man, often says: "I regret I didn't follow my dear mother's example. But it is too late now."

ADELIN WHITE, Age 13.

Our Flag.

In Philadelphia there is still standing the little house where Betsy Ross made the first American flag.

The first United States flag adopted by congress, June 14, 1777, having the stars and stripes, made it is said, out of a soldier's tent which was used as an army overcoat, and a red flannel petticoat.

There are three colors in our flag, red, white and blue. There are six white bars and seven red bars. The blue on the flag is the field which contains the stars. One star is added for each state that comes into the union. The thirteen stars stand for the first thirteen states.

Capt. Robert Gray was the first man to sail the stars and stripes around the world.

All the girls of Portsmouth joined together and made a flag for John Paul Jones. They didn't sew on calico patchwork, but pieces of silk from their gowns.

They then presented it to John Paul Jones. He was the first one to hoist an American flag over an American warship.

The flag is honored by school children, by soldiers, by military officers and by the people of the world.

FLORA LAMBERT, Age 12.

My Pets.

Peter and Polly are my pets. They are two little pigeons, one brown and white, and the other blue and white. I got them when they were three weeks old and now they are about six months old and now they are very good.

One day when they were in our shop, but very soon they have got to learn to run around outdoors.

Last week Polly laid an egg. It is about as big as a walnut. I hope they will get used to running out around before long.

Oh! But the greatest is when they go to bed at night. They make the greatest noise and seem to be glad to think night has come so they can rest their tired bodies.

VIOLET MAIN, Age 12.

Cotton.

Cotton is a plant. It grows in warm countries. It needs plenty of rain. It can grow in cold or dry lands. The best cotton fields are in the southern plain.

The cotton grows from two to four feet high. Long, white fibers grow on the seeds and burst the pods as the seeds ripen.

When the cotton is picked it is pressed into bales and sent all over the world. Also the seeds contain much oil. They are put into strong presses and the oil is squeezed out. Some of this oil is used in making soap. The cotton is made into cloth.

FRANCIS DUFFLEY, Age 10.

A Wise Indian.

Indians, as you know, have to use their eyes very much. They have to study the country and the land. That is their school. Their schools are not the kind we have nowadays.

A long time ago there was a wise and old Indian who lived in a hut among some white people.

There was an old white man who lived alone in a little cabin, away from the rest of his neighbors. He got up early one morning to go to work. He had hung a bag of corn in his cabin for his evening meal.

After work he came home. When he got home his bag of corn was gone. The man was tired and hungry. He said: "That baby Indian has my corn."

The man went to his neighbor. The neighbor and he soon got the Indian. The Indian said: "I have not stolen your corn. Your corn was stolen by a white man."

So they all started after him. Soon the thief was found and the corn was returned to its owner.

The neighbor said: "Now keep your eyes open."

IRENE MATHIEU, Age 12.

A Girl's Kindness to a Dumb Animal.

Little Mary Smith was coming home from school one day, when she heard the piteous mewling of a kitten. Looking toward the river, which flowed nearby, she saw a group of men and boys watching the cruel sport.

One of the boys had the kitten by the nape of the neck and was tormenting it. If the water under the bridge was half drowned and then drawing it up again, only to be followed by shouts of "Do it again, Bob! Do it again!"

Mary watched them for a moment, then pushing her way through the group she exclaimed: "For shame, Robert, to treat a helpless creature like this!"

She snatched the kitten from his hands and while tears were streaming down her face, she knelt bravely beside the river and held the kitten under water until it was drowned, thus putting an end to the poor creature's misery.

The people who were watching this kind deed, moved slowly away, feeling ashamed of themselves and vowing in the future they would be kind to all dumb animals.

VIOLET MAIN, V. F. TUCKER, Age 11.

The Story of a Dime.

The story that I can remember of my life was that I was in what people call a mint. I was a lump of silver and soon I was stamped and became a silver coin worth ten cents.

After this I was going through the mail in an envelope. Two days journeying and I was in a man's hand mixed up with my brothers, sisters and cousins. The next minute I was in a deep, dark pocket and soon I was taken out and put on a counter where I saw boxes and boxes filled with candy.

I lay in a drawer a long time when one day a lady took me out and gave me to another lady.

This lady was going to Europe and I was going too, just as she was going on board the boat she took me from her bag. Someone gave a push and I fell from her hand into something wet. It was the ocean. I sank down, down deep and when I finally landed I was on some sand and afterwards I sank into the sand. That

is the end of my story, for that is all I know of my life.

ADELAIDE HOLBROOK, Age 11.

The First Pipe of Tobacco.

The first white man to smoke a pipe of tobacco was Sir Walter Raleigh. He lived in the days of Queen Elizabeth, who was queen of England.

After Queen Elizabeth died King James the First came to the throne. He thought that Sir Walter Raleigh was trying to take the crown away from him. He had Raleigh put in prison.

After many years had passed the king thought of sending Raleigh and other